BASEBALL YARNS By Billy Evans.

Alexander was the pitching sensation of the National league last summer.' Umpires say he is the real thing. From the start he "delivered the goods." Little attention was paid to his first few victories, but he soon attracted attention. It was anything but agreeable for the leading teams and star pitchers to fall before "Alexander the Great."

Bob Emslie tells of a retort by Mc- (HE'S Graw last summer. Alexander had the Giants at his mercy. Mighty few men got on the bases, strike-outs being numerous. It seemif Hank ed as O'Day was calling nothing but strikes, while every one of Emslie's decisions

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on the bases appeared to go against the Giants. It was not tough enough that the Giants couldn't hit Alexander, but both umpires were seeing everything the Philadelphia way.

"Late in the game McGraw shifted from the third base coaching lines over to first base, near where I was standing," says Emslie. "He remained quiet while two men were retired, one on a close play at first. Thinking to be agreeable I opened the con-

versation. "Boys are not hitting much to- | yelling:

day, I vouchsafed. I have a T

"That Alexander is quite a pitcher,' I added, thinking I might relieve the sting of the impending defeat.

"'Yep,' replied McGraw.

"'Certainly working a swell game,' I continued.

"'With the assistance of a couple of blind umpires, he is doing immense,' blurted the angry Muggsy.

"The third man had been retired and McGraw was on the way to the bench before I could reply. I enjoyed a smile without letting McGraw observe it."

When "Silk" O'Laughlin calls a man "out" on the Highlander's grounds, people as far up the Hudson as Albany might hear the decision. No matter whether the play is close or not, "Silk," if the man is retired, informs the public of it with his famous "E-e-e-e-e's O-o-o-o-o-ut." "Silk" can string this over any length of time.

During a game at New York last year, Harry Wolters was called out at first on a close play. Wolters was sore because of his failure to beat out the hit, but never hesitated after crossing first, running over to the New Vork bench.

When he arrived, it made him feel none too good to hear O'Laughlin still calling the final strains of "E-e-e-e's O-o-o-ut." It was too much for Wolters. Rushout in front of the bench he matched voice with O'Laughlin,

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